

Innis Herald
'66-'67
Late Oct. 1966
Volume 2
Issue 3



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INNIS HERALD

VOLUME II, NUMBER 3

OCTOBER 25, 1966

ON CAMPUS

Sorbonne students read lying down by Bill Barclay

Speaking informally at Innis College in September, Mr David Rotenberg told several students what it was like to study at a university of not 20,000 students but 120,000. He made the multi-university problems at U. of T. seem insignificant.

Mr. Rotenberg is returning for his second year in Mathematics and Physics at the University of Paris, in France. Be-

fore going there he stood 1,1 for 2 consecutive years in MPC at U. of T. He is not stupid.

At the University of Paris, one professor lectures to about 600 students. Work covered in these lectures is reviewed in smaller classrooms by assistants, of which there is one for every 30 students. Much of the work done in these classes is oral, to encourage students to

think on their feet. Some professors, noted Mr Rotenberg, cannot do this themselves.

Mr. Rotenberg mentioned some startling facts. The library at the Sorbonne, which is a part of the University of Paris, was originally built for 300 students. No additions have been made to the building since then, so it now accommodates over 1000 students. Students read literally standing up and lying down in the library.

According to Mr. Rotenberg, students write a 4-hour exam at the end of the year. Only 2 questions must be answered.

The exams are marked rapidly and results are known within a week. To prevent injustices inevitable under such a system, anyone who fails automatically has a 1/2-hour oral exam. If he fails that, he must have another similar exam with one of the few full professors at the University.

But failure is no stigma in France. Last year the failure rate on the French equivalent to our Grade 13 exam was 80%.

Thanks, but I like U. of T. just fine.

SHARE leader by Roslyn Devlin

What makes a student stand out among 15,000 others? What makes a person an individual in a environment diametrically opposed to anything which is not abject to conformity?

I met one such person. His name--Jan Duinker; his job--Share Chairman, for the University of Toronto. Yet this alone does not make him an individual. A person can have power without identity.

Yet, Jan Duinker has identity, for he has ideas. His ideas are about Share, and his concept of Share is unusual.

WUS is an international university organization active in more than 50 countries throughout the world. As one of its projects, WUS sponsors the Share

Campaign. This campaign is not a charity drive.

It is an act of pride. For Share's purpose is to propogate a type of life--the university life, which all reading this article, student and teacher alike, are leading; a life for which many make sacrifices, a life to be proud of. Pride is what we are showing when we give to Share. We believe that what is being done at our university is worthwhile enough to be done elsewhere. So we give--of our money, of ourselves--to see that this life is spread.

This is Jan Duinker's concept of Share. As he told me 'Do not share a dollar but share a way of life.' It is this concept, this pride in what he is doing, that makes him unique.

Staff

The Innis Herald is edited by John Bayly with the able assistance of Catherine Harris and her pencil, Christine Milani and her scissors and Maie Nilholm, Judy Broudy and Danielle Scherter and their typing.

EDITORIAL

Lost: 3 Centuries

Next to wisdom and understanding, time is our most important commodity. We can hardly afford to abuse it. And yet in the University community people seem to have time to spare.

Recently I went on a tour of campus common rooms, and I was impressed by the number of students who sit in an apparent state of suspended animation, gaining nothing from and giving nothing to the academic community. This prompted me to ask Innis students just how they

spend their days at university. It seems that there are between five and ten hours a week that the average undergraduate can not account for.

Taking the lower figure of five hours, on the basis of a 30-week academic year and a student population of 20,000, I figured that the time lost at the university is 3,000,000 hours. For an academic community to waste a little more than three centuries a year is very serious. It appears to me that there are two main reasons why we squander our time.

First, students often have a poor perspective of university, putting the wrong amount of time on recreation in relation to scholarship.

Second, students do not organize their time very efficiently. Most plan too far ahead or spend all their time looking back into the past.

Sir William Osler offered sound advice to students in a lecture given at Yale in 1913. 'Now the way of life that I preach is a habit to be acquired by long and steady repetition. It is the practice of living for the day only, and for the day's work, *Life in day-tight compartments.*'

This is a realistic approach to living. Buried in the past or preoccupied by the uncertainty of the future, we cannot avoid abuse of the present. And we owe it to ourselves to reclaim some of those lost 3,000,000 hours.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

health service out of service

Beverly Cross fainted at Innis College last week. It wasn't serious but it could have been. At the time, we had no idea what was wrong and we phoned the University Health Service.

When we said that a girl had fainted at Innis College, they had no idea where it was. Furthermore, they had no vehicle for transporting doctors or patients. After much convincing, the Health Service sent someone over--twenty-five minutes later.

When asked to comment on the facilities offered, Dr. Woodhouse said that it is common practice to delay on telephone calls in order to make sure it is not a student prank. He agreed that a map of the campus might help the Health Service, but that they did not have one. There is no service car or ambulance at the Health Service. In case of an emergency, Dr. Woodhouse advised calling directly to a hospital.

The U. of T. Health Service does not follow up on any cases. Usually students are advised to go home and consult their family doctor. But students in residence often have no family doctor in Toronto and must rely on this inadequate Service for all medical help. The Health Service does not seem to be concerned with this kind of student. It gives medical examinations to freshmen, but beyond that only offers a token service to the University.

For a community of twenty thou-

sand students, the University Health Service is not satisfactory. It is not prepared for emergencies, and is so little involved with the rest of the campus that it does not know the location of a college. Don't you think that we are worthy of better protection?

Christine Milani
Innis II

executive and the white rat

As a Freshman sitting in on her first Executive council meeting I was severely disappointed. I shall remember for a long time the lack of enthusiasm in a meeting lasting 45 minutes. The chairman entered 15 minutes late and disrupted the meeting by bringing his pet white rat. His prime aim seemed to have been to get the meeting over as fast as possible.

There was no discussion on things like Share while the issue most debated was whether there should be a poster contest with a prize of \$25. There was no SAC or Treasurer's report submitted. Of the others, only the Student-Staff Committee report (the one about the posters) was well prepared.

A motion was made for the Executive to appoint a Grand Phoenix for the ICBO. But the person who brought the question up did not even know what the letters stood for or that the organization already had a Grand

Phoenix.

The College has many problems; among them is the lack of enthusiasm among the student body (exemplified in the election--57 Freshmen out of 218 voted). In view of this, I think the Executive should take a look at its agenda and its objectives.

Rene Sweet (I Innis)

Spooks and Spirits

(100 PROOF)

Dance Oct. 29th, in the

INNIS COLLEGE
COMMON ROOM

Featuring the
crude and earthy

'COLLECTORS'

straight from the Village

9:00 - 12:30

ROOM AT THE TOP

by Ken Stone

In my innocence I went to the front door, but she took my hand and led me around to the back.

There, at the door, she stopped, lowered her eyelids and asked, 'Have you got everything?'

I was trying to buy my Near Eastern Lit texts at the Bookstore. A burly security guard confronted me and after searching me, he turned to Barb.

'And now you, young lady,' he chuckled, rubbing his hairy hands together and advancing on Barbara.

'Don't touch her!' I shouted, raising the sack over my head with both arms, 'or I'll hit you with my lunch'.

'No, no!' cried the guard, cowering in the corner, 'But the Rules! Everybody must be searched.'

'Yes,' breathed Barb hotly in my face, and pressed me tightly against the wall, 'Everybody must be searched.'

There was no other way. I lowered my lunch to the ground, averted my eyes, and frisked Barb myself.

Suddenly, without warning, I was tumbling down the stairs. It was Jane Christie, a stolen book under her arm, being pursued by a posse of security guards.

'Never leave a Stone unturned,' she giggled as she skipped merrily down the stairs, a rolling mass of students in her wake.

At last I reached the counter.

'What books can I get for you, sir?' asked the pretty sales-girl.

'It really doesn't matter,' I quipped trying to impress. 'Books are like girls, I always say. Turn them upside down, and they're all the same.' She squinted at me rather strangely and disappeared with my Near Eastern booklist.

'Do you want the Bible in hardcover or paperback?' she inquired upon returning with several texts.

'Never judge a book by its cover, I always say,' I observed with a smile.

'Hmmm,' said the girl.

I could see she was not impressed. I took the hardcover, made my way to the cash registers, and left.

RIVERDALE ZOO?

by Chuck Hutchings

Riverdale Zoo crouches on the edge of the Don Valley, unpublicized and unadorned, distinguished from adjacent St. James Cemetery only by its candy stand.

The various unkempt animals, squashed together and clamped behind the dirt of the bars, wallow in their filth and boredom. Occasionally they plod a few paces to lap up a child's tossed crumb of bread or popcorn. The llamas are ratty; the dung-backed polar bears repugnant; the grizzly bears nauseating; the camel disinterested and unnoticed.

What actually is a zoo? A definition of a modern zoo might be a place for keeping an attractive display of living animals in the greatest possible freedom, for the sake of exhibiting their traits to the student and--only as a secondary function--for objects of curiosity. An example would be Bronx Zoo in New York. Involving 260 acres, this zoological park is noted for the tasteful manner in which the animals have been arranged in their natural environment. The 'African plains' is an excellent example: from a distance, lions can be seen bounding freely at will, while antelopes graze peacefully nearby with no apparent barriers between the two. How is this accomplished? Deep untraversable pits separate

them. The general effect is one of tropical houses, ranges of grass, deserts of sand and palms and pinnacles of craggy rocks. A special children's section allows the young-uns to fist-feed tamed animals and thrill in the unequalled experience of galloping on the house of a tortoise or dipping on the hairy spine of a camel.

This Toronto 'zoo' should be termed a 'menagerie'--a small area where animals are confined to cages and are viewed without an admission fee. But is a menagerie ample for a growing metropolis? Are we, in Toronto, so unconcerned and worldly that we can allow ourselves to be deprived of the mystical intrigue of foreign animals? Surely Toronto is not so machine-minded that it can slough off nature itself. In this age of television and photographs, the opportunity to observe at first hand the traits of live animals in their natural surroundings is imperative. The need for the St. Lawrence Centre is small compared to that of a modern zoo.

I say don't improve Riverdale--rather, destroy it and start anew. Develop our new zoo in a location with expansive acreage, with a liberal budget, and with most modern scientific methods available. Don't copy the Bronx Zoo but use it only as an example. We need a Zool!

from the board room

by Ken Saul

Last issue I mentioned that a Varsity Radio outlet for Innis had been turned down by the Administration. Further questioning brought forth an interesting story. At the last ICSS meeting, when presented with opposition to this decision, Ken Stone replied that Alan Gold, Varsity Radio Director, had been given the option of going through the students and the ICSS to obtain permission. Mr. Stone said that Mr. Gold had decided against doing so. As it turns out this was only a half-truth.

In an interview, Mr. Gold said to me that he had been turned down by the Administration and although he was told he could

appeal to the ICSS, this was said in such a way as to give him the distinct impression that such action would be blocked.

It seems to me that Mr. Stone, knowing the facts, did the ICSS a disservice by failing to encourage Mr. Gold at least to attempt to achieve ICSS approval. Something of this sort which directly affects the student body, in my opinion, at least deserves to be brought to the attention of the Student Executive before--not after--action has been taken on the issue. Furthermore, the students must know whether their Executive has any authority of its own or if it is merely a rubber stamp marked ADMINISTRATION.

yesterday... TODAY... TOMORROW

ONTARIO HOSPITAL VOLUNTEERS: Volunteers are needed to help with chronic patients on Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 6:45 in the Volunteer Services Room at 999 Queen St. W. For information call Les Rose (Hu 5-9745)

EXECUTIVE MEETING: Tues. Oct. 25 at 7:00 p.m. in the Board Room.

ART WORKSHOP: Wed. Oct. 26 at 7:00 p.m. in the Common Room. Talent is not necessary.

DEBATING SOCIETY: The Debating Society will meet on Monday, Oct. 24 at 1:00 in the Board Room.

SWIM MEET: Nov. 7 to 9 at 5:00:

speed preliminary Nov. 7th, synchronized swimming Nov. 8th and speed finals Nov. 9th.

SOCCER: Innis 2, Forestry 0. John Trafford, fearless captain, scored both goals. Innis vs. Architecture (0-0)

LACROSSE: Innis beat Trinity 9-6. Ron Tanaka scored 4, Merv Kril 3, and Terry Bevrige 2 goals.

TENNIS: The two entrants in the women's tournament lost.

INNIS COLLEGE BANQUET: Nov. 3 at 7:15 in Hart House. Due to lack of space, 1st year students will be given preference. The speaker is Mr. Stewart Goodings, former President of CUS and presently the Associate Director of CYC. For further information contact Miss McMahon.

TUTORS: Michael Glickson and Alan Bernstein (III MPC) have been appointed Mathematics tutors at Innis. Both are Innis students.

SPECIAL TUTORIAL for students whose first language is not English begins Mon. Nov. 7th at 5:00. Apply in the Writing Lab.

TIME TABLES for tutorials, seminars and individual consultation are now posted on the notice boards in Innis.

FOLKSIES AWAKE! The Innis College Folk Music Club, otherwise known as the Innis Heralders, is having an organizational Meeting on Oct. 27 at 5:00 in the Common Room. Bring guitars, banjos, maracas, washboards, spoons, human voices or anything else musical. Don't be shy--we have no more talent than you do.

OVER THE WALL by Dianne Pindred

A seventeen-year-old girl and East Berlin. The two did not seem compatible but I was there. Our family was not 'well off', but at the same time there were very few occasions when we had wanted for the good things of life. Like most teenagers, I knew little of the tragedy of East Berlin. I had skimmed the newspaper reports en route to Ann Landers,---but it was so very far away. Then came my opportunity to tour Europe and Russia with a Youth Choir and, because of the universal acceptance of both youth and music, the door to East Berlin opened to us.

We had been travelling through Europe for almost a month and were enjoying ourselves immensely. But we had embarked upon this particular journey with all the seriousness that thirty 14-17 year olds can muster. It was Sunday morning, July 8, 1962. I remember that the day was bleak. We left West Berlin very early and as we travelled by elevated train into the Eastern Sector, I tried to imagine what we would find.

The streets were deserted, silent; our footsteps made the only sound in our long walk to the Dom Cathedral. We passed building after building in complete ruin. I could have believed that the war ended only yesterday, and I was overwhelmed by feelings of desolation and hopelessness. But ahead was the Cathedral. It stood out not only because of its magnificence and size, but also because it was in one piece.

As we approached, I could see many pock marks, possibly made by bullets and flying debris. Once inside the main Cathedral I found that its sole source of light was a hole in the dome made by a bomb. I was filled with grief at the destruction of a place so beautiful as this must have been. On pedestals high above the floor stood statues, but they were broken and scarred; the floor was a mess of rubble. The standing shell of Dom Cathedral was its own tombstone.

I had expected to see a sad, tiny group of people, but instead the congregation overflowed into

the aisles and doorways and I could not help but feel the warmth of their genuine friendliness and joy at our visit to their church. As we took our places a woman came to us weeping and knelt at our feet. 'Please,' she begged, 'take this letter back and mail it so my children will know how I am.' We dared not touch it.

The service was a moving one for both them and us. These people seemed more aware of their own inadequacies than they were of the inadequacies in their surroundings. I realized that they were truly grateful for the blessings which they had! Never before had I stopped to consider the circumstances under which others must live. By what special privilege had I been born in such a land as Canada. I felt at once humbled and ashamed.

We had come desiring to be a source of inspiration and hope to these people; we came away taking so much more than we had given.